

DOCTOR • WHO

HOT METAL

PART ONE

Daq taH joq ghobe.
Daq taH.

Even with the TARDIS's
universal translator,
it's important to brush
up on your Galactic
languages.

Script CHRISTOPHER COOPER
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

Oops!

CRASH!

The collision
avoidance
compensators
must've failed.
Again. I should
really get them
seen to.

Hang on. *That*
shouldn't be
there.

An interstellar body, with
a planetary mass and
breathable atmosphere,
in the middle of a major
galactic bypass.

I've heard of
traffic jams,
but this is
ridiculous!

This isn't right. It
doesn't smell like a
planet... More like
papier-mâché.

And the floor's
all *squishy.*

Weird - this planetoid is composed entirely of vegetable fibres, bonded with hydrogen.

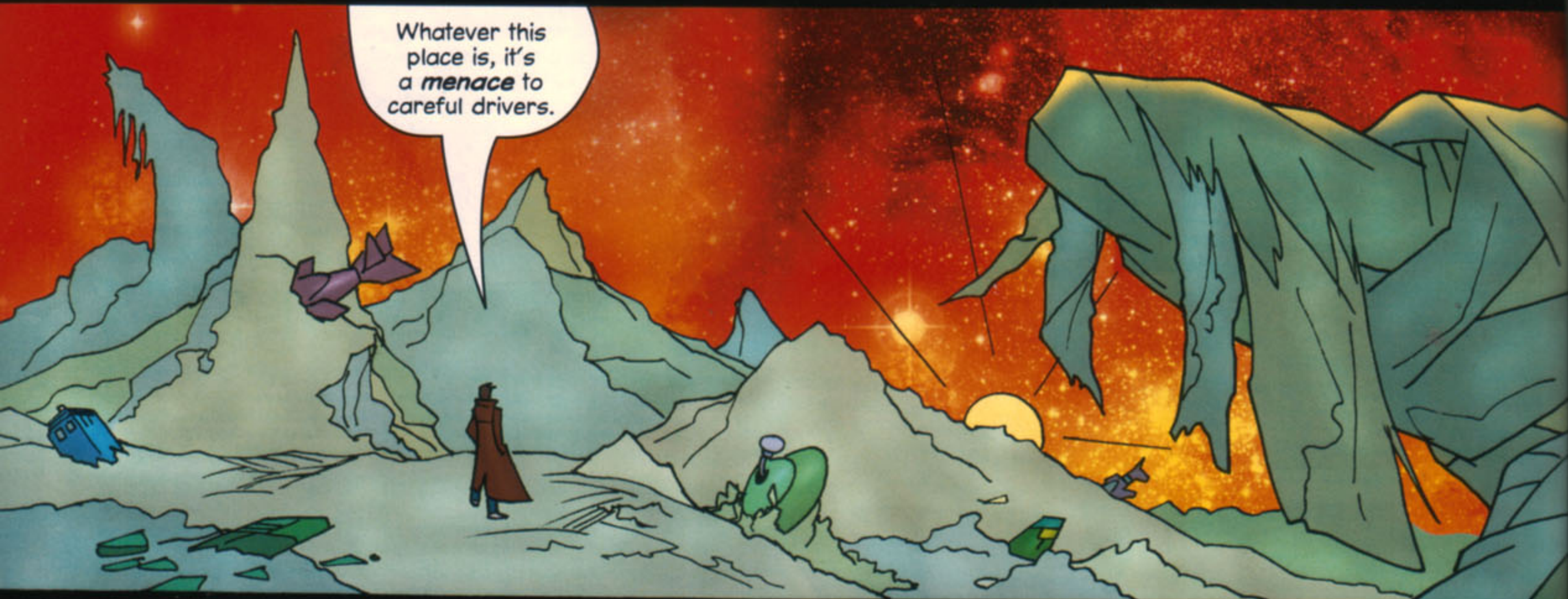
Wood pulp!



It *is* made of papier-mâché!



Whatever this place is, it's a *menace* to careful drivers.



At least this crew managed to eject in time.



Hello. Where are you?

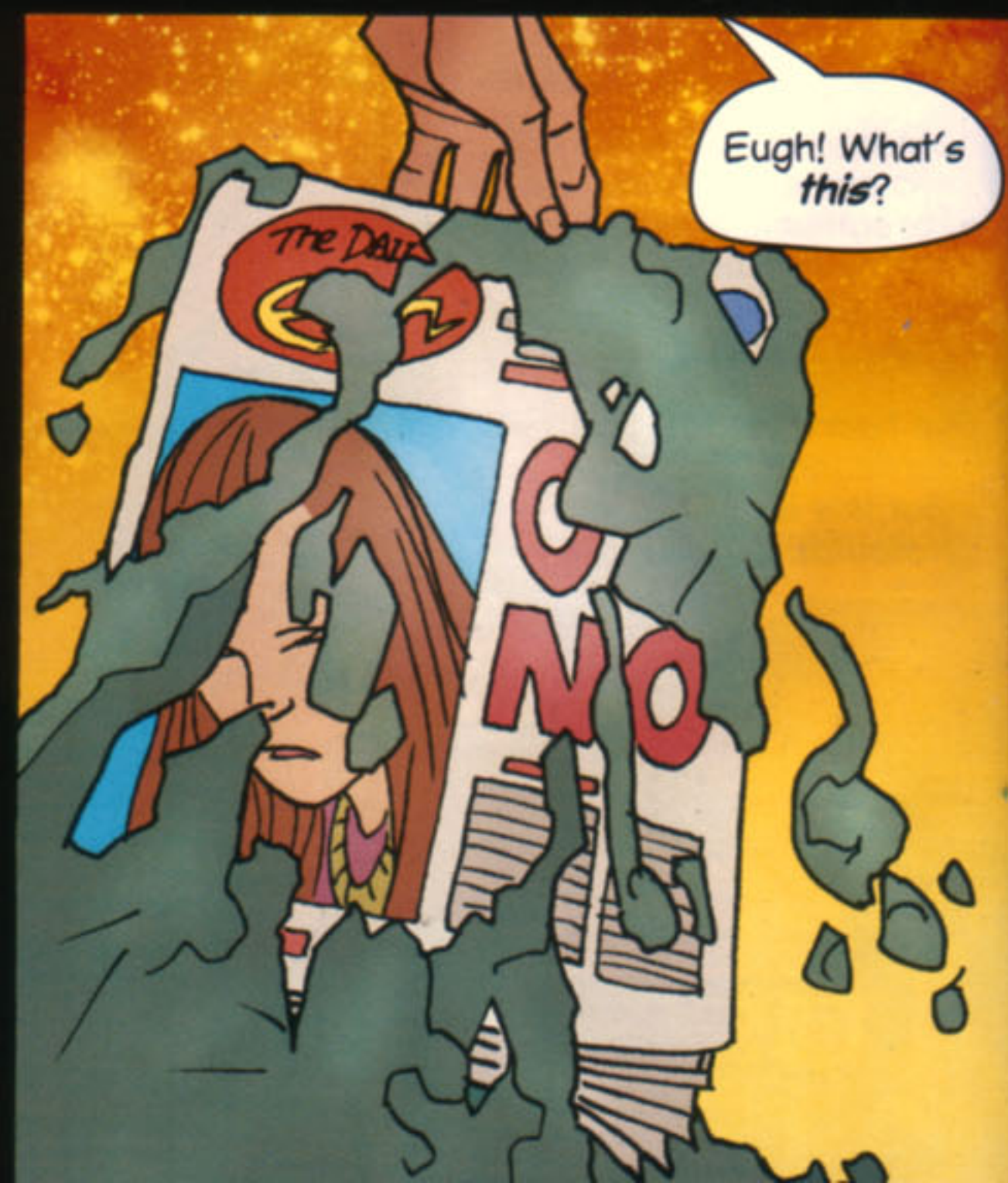


Here. Right here.

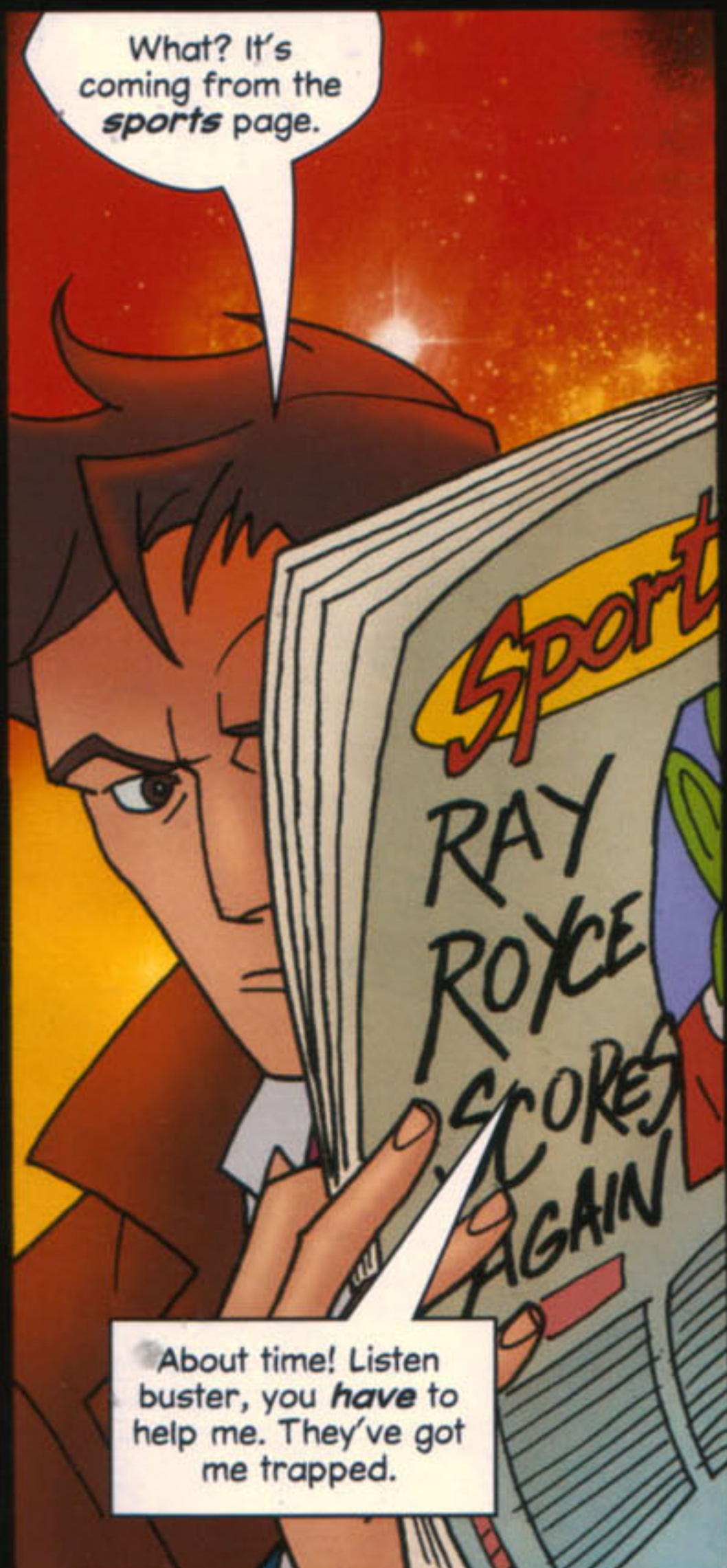
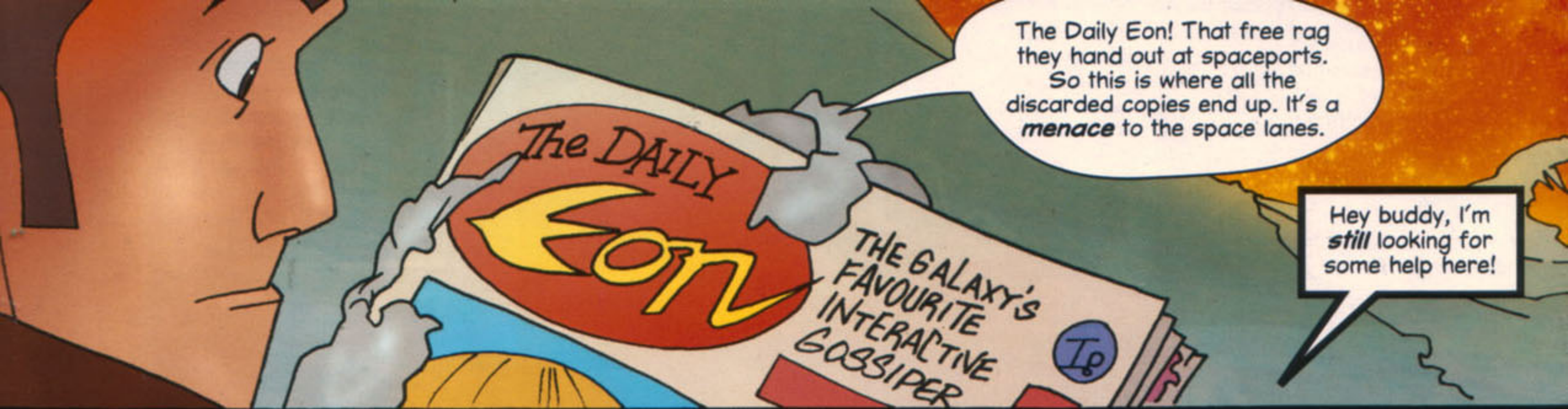
It's a *warning beacon*, but the signal is being *muffled* by all this papery stuff.



Help! Help me! Over here!



Eugh! What's *this*?





Easy, big fella.
Keep your ears on.
Who's holding you
prisoner, and where?

I'm trapped in the
News Factory. That's
what they call it. It's
where the Eon is printed.
I'm Ray Royce, Hoopball
Superstar, and head
sports writer at the Eon.



There are *hundreds*
of us. We all signed
exclusivity contracts,
but we didn't read the
small print...

...and now we're held
prisoner and forced
to work as the writing
staff on the Eon.

You have to
help us.



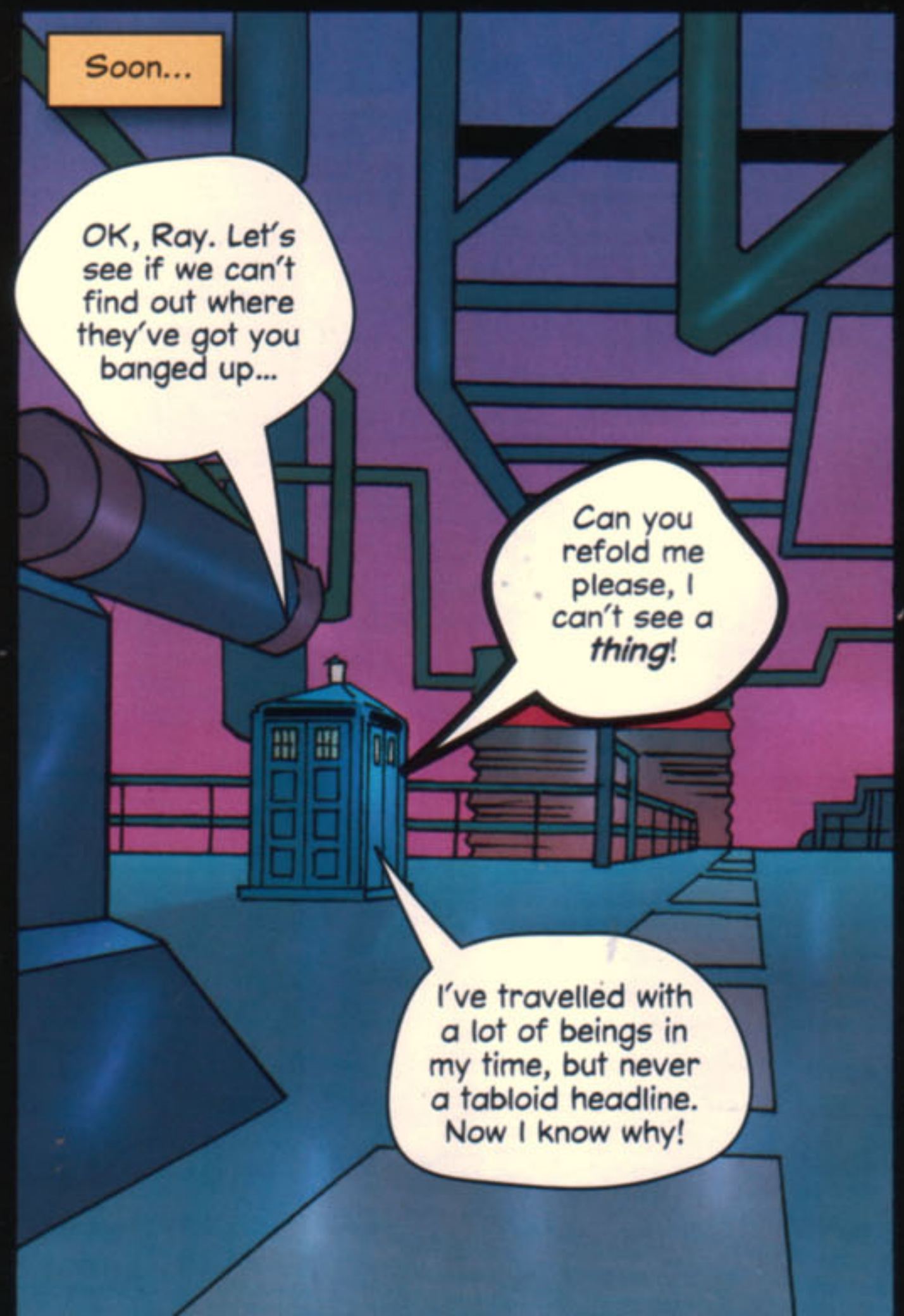
We'll *soon* see about
that. I have a few
issues with the daily
Eon myself, if you'll
pardon the pun.



But how will you
know where the
Eon is printed?

Letters to the
Editor! They
always print the
address there.
Don't worry, I'm
on my way.

Don't crease
my pages!



Soon...

OK, Ray. Let's
see if we can't
find out where
they've got you
banged up...

Can you
refold me
please, I
can't see a
thing!

I've travelled with
a lot of beings in
my time, but never
a tabloid headline.
Now I know why!

It all seems very quiet for a printing press. I wonder if everyone is on their tea break?

Can *anyone* tell me where the *staff canteen* is please?

Keep it *down*, Doc. Someone will *hear*.

That's the idea.

What's this, then? Oh, that is *phenomenal*! Crystalline Memory, but on a vast scale.

You could store the neural matrices of a *million sentient life forms* in that thing. You could store *whole* people. Whole *civilisations* even.

Or a bunch of *disgruntled journalists*. It's a job I suppose.

It's *slavery*. And I'm going to put a *stop* to it right now.

Whoooooooooooo!

Not good.

WOAH!

Yikes!

